

ROSWELL DAILY RECORD

Democratic in Politics.

H. F. M. BEAR, Editor

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Committee Call.

A meeting of the Territorial Democratic Central Committee of New Mexico is hereby called to be held at the office of the secretary of said committee at Santa Fe, New Mexico on Wednesday, the 17th day of February, 1904, at 2 p. m. of said day, for the purpose of fixing the time and place of holding the Territorial Democratic convention to elect six delegates and six alternates to represent the Territory of New Mexico in the National Democratic convention to be held in the city of St. Louis, Missouri, on the 6th day of July, 1904, to nominate the candidates for President and Vice President of the United States of America, and to consider such other business as may properly come before said committee.

W. S. HOPEWELL, Chairman.

N. B. LAUGHLIN, Secretary.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of sheriff, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters at the coming primaries.

TOBE ODEM.

The undersigned hereby announces himself as a candidate for the office of superintendent of schools of Chaves county, New Mexico, subject to the decision of the Democratic party.

L. W. MARTIN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of Superintendent of Public Schools of Chaves county, subject to the decision of the Democratic voters of said county.

B. L. JOHNSON.

Up to date February is not so warm as was January.

American sympathy seems to be almost wholly with the little Jap.

The hug of Bruin is dangerous. The Japanese should not fight at too close quarters.

Roswell is the only town of its size in the territory that can boast of a depot on wheels.

It was distance and the snows of winter that conquered Napoleon in his Russian campaign, and these two factors will handicap Russia now.

The Democrats of New Mexico will celebrate the opening of the campaign by a banquet at Santa Fe on next Wednesday. The Democratic Central committee meets at Santa Fe at that time.

The World's Fair at St. Louis has granted camping space on the fair grounds to the N. M. M. I. of this city and it may be that if satisfactory arrangements can be made that the boys will camp there for two or three weeks during the fair. This would be a splendid advertisement not only for the school but for the Territory.

A HAPPY INCIDENT.

The following incident in connection with the Baltimore fire deserves more than a passing notice.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Edward F. Jones of Binghamton, N. Y. Colonel of the old Sixth Massachusetts

regiment and who is now in Washington, addressed the following letter to day to Mayor McLane:

"With a vivid recollection of a warm reception given to me April 19, 1861, by people of Baltimore, I take pleasure in inclosing my check for \$100, which please place in your relief fund."

It will be remembered that on April 19, 1861, the anniversary of Concord and Lexington, was the first bloodshed of the civil war. The Sixth Massachusetts hurrying on to the defense of the capital was attacked in the streets of Baltimore. A number of soldiers were wounded and two were killed, marking the date and place of the first bloodshed of the civil war.

Now forty-three years afterwards the Colonel of the old Massachusetts Sixth sends a check for \$100 to Baltimore in her distress. A happy incident to be sure.

What Do You Think of This?

If New Mexico goes Republican in this fall's elections, the chances for the passage of an enabling act for this Territory as a single state will be very bright and will change the entire aspect of the situation. "Let us fight it out on this line even if it takes all summer."—New Mexican.

According to Caesar all ancient Gaul was divided into three parts, but from the above we should judge that modern Gaul is not divided, and that the New Mexican has it all. Just think of it, advising the people of New Mexico to vote the Republican ticket in the interest of single statehood. The gods deliver us from such presumption. It is possible to understand how the people of some states might be induced to vote the Republican ticket, but it passes understanding how any paper published in the Territory of New Mexico, whatever its politics, could seriously at this time ask the people of New Mexico to roll up a Republican majority at the November election.

Shall New Mexico condone treachery, reward its betrayers, do good to the party that has spat upon her and heaped insult upon her? Has not the Republican party in the last two national platforms directly and in plainest terms promised statehood to New Mexico? And has not this same party at every session of congress not only openly, and shamelessly violated this pledge but at the same time its representatives, chief of whom is Beveridge, have traduced New Mexico, slandered her people and maligned her institutions.

In face of all this how dare any reputable paper in New Mexico, even if it believes in some of the tenets of modern Republicanism, advise New Mexico to ratify by her vote, broken promises and libelous epithets. Self respect demands that in next November New Mexico be found in the Democratic column as a rebuke to her betrayers, and a reward to the party that at every session of congress has done the best it could to redeem its promises to her. After having the epidermis of both cheeks well peeled, New Mexico will not turn its cheek again to the Republican party to receive further punishment. Even a territory knows when it has enough.

Satisfactory Settlement.

Roswell, N. M., 2-10-1904.

"Mr. L. K. McGaffey,

"Dear Sir:—We beg to advise you that our losses in the recent fire have been fully settled. We have always carried all our insurance with you, and beg to thank you for the courteous and satisfactory manner in which we have been treated by you and your companies.

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STRAYED—Jersey cow and goat. Leave information at W. P. Lewis hardware store.

HOW JIMMIE GOT HIS ENGINE

By WILLIAM WALKER HINES

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It was the general understanding among all the employees of the Lawrenceburg division of the X and Y R R that when Jimmie Kincaid got his engine he would also get Nettie Oliver. But Jimmie's chance for getting an engine in the near future did not seem particularly bright. He was fourth on the list of firemen of the Lawrenceburg division, and that meant he must wait until four engineers died, reached the age of limit or were fired. Of course there was always the chance that he would be able to do something to attract the attention of the superintendent of motive power, and then he might get his engine at any time.

In the meantime Nettie had a fairly good position as telegrapher at Benson station, and Jimmie could get a chance to chat with her for a few minutes every day when his train, passenger No. 14, lay over on the siding at Benson to allow the limited mail to pass. When he had begun scraping an acquaintance with Nettie something over a year before Jimmie had used the pretext that he was thinking of learning telegraphy, and under her tutelage he had picked up a fair working knowledge of the Morse code.

Many a sly joke did the train crew of No. 14 crack at Jimmie's suddenly born ambition to learn telegraphy, but he bore all of these with equanimity and said that the knowledge might come in handy some time. After awhile it became understood among all the men that Jimmie's case was really serious, and then the jokes stopped. Even the head brakeman of No. 14, who had a reputation as a wit, forbore to make remarks about the connection between the Morse code and pretty girls.

Benson station is at the foot of Twelve Mile hill, and this hill is regarded by the engineers as the worst place on the division. The grade is so heavy that the track winds up the hill in two long loops. When you get to the beginning of the second loop you are only a mile from Benson station on a straight line, but it is six miles distant by the track. After he had mastered the rudiments of the Morse code Jimmie would take hold of the whistle cord when No. 14 came to the loop on the down grade and signal "Hello" to Nettie at Benson station in sharp blasts upon the whistle, which stood for the dots and dashes of the code.

So things went along for a year and Jimmie's prospects of promotion got little brighter. On the records of the office of the superintendent of motive power he was still merely James Kincaid, fourth on the list of firemen, with a good reputation and the prospect of succeeding to an engine in the course of five or six years. When business picked up in the fall a number of extra freight trains were put on, and he got his first chance to run an engine.

On the first trip it fell to his lot to take out the third section of freight train No. 106, east bound. The third section of No. 106 was made up of thirty-one heavily loaded cars, and none of these was equipped with air brakes. As he pulled out of Adairville the old yard master swung himself up into the cab of the engine and said:

"I think you'll pull the engine all right, Jimmie, me bye, but for the love of the saints be careful when you strike the top of the hill this side of Benson. Faith, it's a heavy train they've given you, and if it should break in two going down that hill and them cays with no air brakes on to them there'll be the devil and all to pay."

Despite this warning, there was no fear of a "break in two" in Jimmie's heart as he nursed his engine along toward the top of the hill on the other side of which lay Benson. This is an accident which happens very rarely and which not even the most experienced engineer can successfully guard against. But as he struck the top of the hill and began to descend on the side toward Benson he felt a jerk which nearly threw him off his seat. Looking back, he saw that the worst had happened. A coupling had snapped in the middle of the train.

For the present there was but one thing to do, and that was to go down grade as fast as he could. Looking back, he could see that the rear brakeman, who was the only man on the cars which had been left behind, had made one ineffectual attempt to set the brakes and then had jumped to safety. Jimmie knew that if the fourteen cars running wild behind caught up with the forward half of the train there would be a wreck which would cause damage to the extent of thousands of dollars and blacklist, if not kill, the engineer responsible.

Faster and faster the telegraph poles on the side of the track flew past him. Jimmie's mind was working faster than it had ever done in his life. His orders directed him to wait on the siding at Benson station for the west-bound passenger train to pass, and he knew that at any cost he must save the passenger. Away off to the farther side of Benson he could already see the faint line of smoke coming up from it, and he knew that it would arrive at Benson in just about ten minutes. He figured that his own train was going about a mile a minute and would reach Benson in seven minutes. If no alternative offered itself he resolved to put on all brakes when he got to the foot of the hill and deliberately wreck his own train. There was a straight track for three miles on the farther

side of Benson, and the engineer of the passenger train would see the wreck in ample time to come to a stop.

This plan, if carried out, would probably mean death for Jimmie, but he analyzed the situation none the less coolly because of that. Death is something that engineers get accustomed to facing. But if he could only discover some way of letting Nettie know the condition of affairs it would be an easy matter for her to throw the derailing switch after he had passed and allow the rear half of the train to come to a safe haven in the cornfield beside the track.

Down at the station Nettie heard a sound which sent her rushing out to the platform. Away up the hill she could see a freight train coming down at a terrific rate of speed. The whistle cord seemed to be in the hands of a lunatic, for the whistle was sounding in strange, unearthly shrieks. As she watched it something struck her as being strangely familiar about the way the whistle was sounding. All of a sudden it struck her there was something in the shrieks, and that, interpreted by the Morse code, they were saying, "BN, BN, BN," her station call. This was continued for a few seconds, and then began: "Broke in two! Throw derailing switch when first section is past station." Three times this was repeated, and then the engine went around the curve at the farther end of the loop, and she could hear the whistle only faintly.

But she heard enough, and when Jimmie's engine whizzed past the station with his white face pressed closely against the glass at the side of the engine cab he saw Nettie standing at the switch. When the last car in the part of the train which still remained intact had passed the frog he saw her throw all her weight on the switch handle, and the signals told him that every one of the cars which were following him would pile themselves ungracefully, but harmlessly, on the soft earth of the cornfield. Bringing his engine to a stop, he ran back to the station and on to the siding in ample time to let the passenger train pass him.

The train master examined Jimmie very closely as to the necessity of piling valuable freight cars on useful agricultural land and passed the case up to the division superintendent. He examined the papers carefully, made some notes on the bottom of them and referred the whole matter to the superintendent of motive power. When Jimmie walked out of the office he was a full fledged engineer and had been congratulated on his presence of mind. And the superintendent of motive power congratulated him again a month later when the railroad lost the services of the telegraph operator at Benson station and Jimmie got a wife.

Under the Apple Blossoms.

"How sweet, how pure, they are!" she said, breathing in the fragrance of the apple blossoms on the branch he bent down for her.

"Like you—like a maiden's love," he added, with designed sentimentality.

"And how quickly they wither and come to naught—another similarity," she said, with malice aforethought, heading him off.

"Or turn hard and sour and fill us with pain and anguish if, like silly little boys, we think we like them," he amended grimly, aware of her object.

For half a second she looked into his scowling eyes with a relenting twinkle growing in her own.

"But if we have a little patience they grow sweet and wholesome again, and—delicious for domestic uses—pies, for instance," she whispered between a laugh and a sigh.

The scowl turned into a bewildered stare. Then Providence sent him a spark of intelligence.

"Mabel," he cried eagerly, seizing her hands—"Mabel, I adore apple pies."

"And—and, Jack, I make very good ones," she murmured demurely.

And then—all the apple blossoms flushed a delicate pink.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

It is curious that St. Elizabeth of Hungary should have spent only the first four years of her life in the country which always distinguishes her name. She was only just four when her father, the king of Hungary, sent her to Thuringia to be betrothed to the nine-year-old Prince Louis, and there she remained all through her childhood and married life until her death in 1231. Perhaps, says the London Chronicle, because she is one of the few saints whose holiness did not preclude love and marriage she always seems a particularly human saint, and the tales that are told of her—how, for instance, she gave away her toys and dolls to poor children when she was but a baby herself, how the food she was taking to beggars in a covered basket turned to red and white roses when her husband lifted the lid, how she heard a bird singing to her on her deathbed and sang to it in reply—all point to the poetry and charm which are associated with her name.

She Meant Dog, Not Husband.

The late Edwin Lord Weeks, the painter and illustrator, had always a great dislike for dogs. It was amusing, his friends say, to hear him harangue against dogs, and innumerable were the stories reflecting upon dogs in an unfavorable light which Mr. Weeks had on the tip of his tongue.

"I dined last night," he said one day "with Blank. After dinner Blank and I went into the library to look over some John Leech prints. Blank was talking learnedly about Leech when he heard his wife in the next room say: 'Where is my guardian angel?' 'Here I am, my dear,' Blank called. But his wife retorted: 'Oh, I don't mean you. I mean Fido.'"—New York Tribune.

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